WANTED—A good waiter...

WANTED—Wood-worker...

WANTED—Agents for the...

WANTED—Occupants for a...

WANTED—By a young man...

WANTED—A few more men...

WANTED—By an English la...

WANTED—To exchange $100...

WANTED—By a small fam...

WANTED—Correspondence...

WANTED—A second-hand...

WANTED—To Rent a furnish...

WANTED—A respectable...

WANTED—By a young man...

WANTED—In a private family...

WANTED—Immediately, a...

WANTED—A Solicitor for...

WANTED—A young man...

WANTED—A Carriage Paint...

WANTED.—Musicians, Atte...

WANTED—A light draught v...

WANTED—$3,000. Grocer...

WANTED—Agents for P...

WANTED—Matrimonial...

WANTED—$5,000 worth...

WANTED—A situation by...

WANTED—Agents, to sell "...

WANTED—Agents to sell Or...

WANTED—Agents to sell Ou...

WANTED—Occupants for a...

WANTED—Immediately, a...

WANTED.—Attention, Ladies...

WANTED—A situation by...

WANTED—A situation by...

WANTED—A situation by

Chicago Tribune.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

JOHN BAKER'S ARGUMENT.

We intended to call the attention of our readers to the masterly argument of John Baker, an eminent jurist of this State, on the necessity and legality of the arrests that the Government has felt compelled to make, which appeared in yesterday's TRIBUNE; but it is not too late to-day to ask our readers to look up the paper containing it and give it their earnest and thoughtful perusal. It is clear, forcible, and to us, convincing.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The persistency and tenacity with which rebels South, and their helpers and agents North, cling to their plans, and amid all difficulties, and in the face of all opposition, steadily move towards their object, would be worthy of all praise, if their ends and purposes were not so infamous. The hearts of all good and loyal citizens in the State have just been relieved from a load of gloom and anxiety, by the noble conduct of Governor Yates, in dispersing a Legislature which was filled with elements dangerous to the peace of the State, and that threatened to rob and cheat us of individual rights and public franchises, while at the same time, it made every effort to plunge this great Commonwealth, bound hand and foot, into the pit of treason, bloodshed and anarchy. But scattered and sent home, as they were, to the just relief of honest men, who felt, neither their persons, their property, nor their pockets were safe while these men were in session, they gather again under new names and in larger numbers, with perhaps louder professions and under fairer pretexts, but in truth for the same purposes —which is to thwart, oppose and embarrass the Government; to hinder and cripple all its efforts to crush the rebellion; to spread a feeling of distrust and enmity towards its policy and measures, wide as they can among the people; to render the war odious; to prove that the officers and soldiers who fight for it are giving their blood and lives to an unholy cause; and in every way, and by all means, to make it disreputable, wicked and infamous to be for the Government in this great conflict; and while it teaches, loudly and openly to all, indulgence, charity and forbearance for rebels in arms, it will bid some, in whispers and the dark, to lend them all the aid and comfort they can.

We do not, for we cannot believe, that a course of conduct so unworthy of true men and loyal citizens, has the consent or approbation of all the Democrats of the State of Illinois. We know too much of the impulses and conduct of the Democratic party of this State, under the lead of such illustrious men as Douglas, to suppose that it can sink so low as to hold commerce with traitors, and pander to treason. But the voice of Douglas is heard no longer urging its resistless masses forward to the defense of the Union and the Constitution; and there have sprung up new men, whose loyalty is not free from suspicion, and whose principles are not without taint, and it is these new men—false prophets and blind guides—that are leading the Democracy far astray from the good old faith; that seek to bind its strong limbs with green withes, and to force it to do the base work of treason and disunion. Unless the sound, firm and loyal men in the Democratic ranks look well to it, they will, before they know it, find the party sold into slavery, and rebels and traitors, with a bit in its mouth, turning and winding it just as they please.

Insurrection and crime with armed and bloody hands, and breathing forth vengeance and slaughter, are now on their way to ravage and devastate the homes and fields of the loyal men of the North. The Democracy of the State of Illinois gathered in full and solemn council over the affairs of the State and nation, and yet to the eternal shame of the Democracy, it must be said, that, though Pennsylvania is ravaged, and Ohio threatened with fire and sword by the rebels and traitors, it is doubtful whether that Democracy had most sympathy with treason or with loyalty; whether it would have the rebels repulsed or triumphant; whether it would rejoice more in the victory of loyal men, or in their defeat.

No one can dispute that such is the fact, and all the true men in Illinois are troubled and anxious, to know what the Democracy will do. That there should be such doubt, and such good reason for it, is a most terrible and bitter reproach to this State; and it is also a loud and stinging rebuke of the course of the men who profess to be the Democratic leaders and chiefs. For it is a shame to the Democracy, from which it would have been saved, had it now the same true and great leaders it once had. Were Stephen A. Douglas alive, would it not be known plainly and clearly, at all times and everywhere, that Illinois was for the Union and the Constitution? The voice of her Democracy would be heard in no uncertain sound, but clear and ringing with defiance and death to all traitors and treason. But Douglas is gone, and the people are cheated, misled, and blinded by pestilent demagogues. Is then the breed of noble blood all gone? Cannot the Democracy of Illinois find in its ranks another man, true, loyal, patriotic and great? No grander opportunity was ever known for a truly great man, to take the place of Douglas, and like him, put the Democracy of Illinois on the right road—to point the path and lead the way. No nobler work could be done, and none that would redound more to the good of the State, and to the eternal fame of him who had the power and the will to do it.

FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Though there is no cause of dissatisfaction with the policy pursued by Gov. Tod of Ohio, the nomination of JOHN BROUGH as his successor, is an event that will give great joy to all Union men in the Northwest. With marked and acknowledged ability, with undoubted firmness and patriotism, he is the man whom Ohio in this crisis demands, and we have not a doubt that the people will elect him. Like Gov. Tod, Mr. Brough is a Democrat, but not of the Copperhead species. With him the claims of his country are superior to the demands of his party; hence, while others of his late political associates are aiding and comforting the enemy with treasonable, or if not treasonable, factious and malignant abuse of the Government, he is upholding and sustaining, encouraging and defending it by all the means in his power. He is the antipodes of his competitor, the infamous Vallandighamt, whose every word, act, aspiration and impulse, since the war began, has been for the dishonor and humiliation of the land of his birth; and now that the two are pitted against each other in that great arena, with more than two millions of persons to share the conflict, we shall look for a triumph and a vindication of the truth that will, when announced, make every Copperhead turn pale. Oh, men of Ohio! could you see as clearly as we do the magnitude of the issues that hang upon the choice that you shall make between Brough, the representative of the idea of Freedom, of Law of Order, of Progress, of Christianity, and of a just and ennobling Democracy, and of Vallandigham, the candidate of Slavery, of Violence and of Despotism, with what perfect unanimity, and how gladly would you decide the contest now, almost before it is opened! To what meagre numbers of supporters would Vallandigham be reduced!

Loss of the Rebels at the Battle of Chancellorsville.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Daily Advertiser* of the 10th gives a list of the killed, wounded and missing in three regiments of Rode's Brigade in the battle of Chancellorsville at the battle of Chancellorsville, and they foot up a loss of 1,000 men. The list is headed: Killed, 95; wounded, 391; missing, 514. As the total number of men in these three regiments did not probably exceed 1,400 or 1,500, it shows that their loss was from fifty to sixty per cent. The loss of a single company (D) in the 5th Alabama was FORTY-THREE, and in the regiment, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHT. It is more than probable that the largest figures named by the Federal correspondents at the time of the Chancellorsville fight will not cover the actual loss of the rebels.

The Next Governor of Iowa.

The Republicans of Iowa are resolved to have a gallant soldier for their next Governor. At the State Convention, the contest was between Gen. Fits Henry Warren, and Col. Wm. M. Stone. After a spirited series of balloting, the choice of the Convention fell upon Col. Stone. He is the same officer who so highly distinguished himself at the assault on Vicksburg, May 22d, where he fell, severely wounded, at the head of the 22d Iowa.

Col. Stone's regiment belonged to Gen. Carr's division. A column of attack was formed, the leading regiment of which was the Iowa 22d. The word to advance was given. "Slowly, at first," writes an eye-witness of the assault, "then quickening into a run, with a loud shout, the gallant Iowa boys dashed forward and crossed the crest of the hill, under a murderous fire of grape, canister and musketry, poured forth by the rebels, from behind earthworks and rifle-pits. The supporting regiments followed on the double quick. Men fell before the fire; but on the regiment went, to what seemed certain death to every man. But they stopped not until the edge of the ditch was reached, and planted their banners there."

"In front of the fort is a ditch ten feet deep, protected on its outer edge by rows of palings, over which it was almost impossible to pass, and when passed, the bottom of the ditch was twenty feet below the top of the embankments. A few of the men fell over these palings, and it became necessary to dig them out before they could be released. The enemy could not fire at them, for as often as a man showed his head above the ramparts, a dozen muskets, from as many sharpshooters, were sent whistling about his ears. Several attempted to fire their guns, but scarcely raised their heads fairly in view, before they fell back dead or wounded."

"In some way Col. Stone managed, with a few men, to cross the ditch, clamber up the wall and enter the rebel works. There his standard bearer planted the regimental flag and there it waved till night. Col. Stone shouted for reinforcements, waving his sword and pointing to the flag before him, but all attempts to assist him failed. The enfilading fire was awful and struck down by scores those who attempted to reinforce him. His little band of heroes fell, one by one, and smitten down under the folds of the flag they loved so well, but he clung desperately to the fort, refusing to retreat or surrender. Finally, a rifle bullet struck him, inflicting a severe but not mortal wound. Still he refused to give up the ship and remained in the fort until darkness put a stop to the conflict, when he was borne back to our lines by those of the Spartan band who remained alive. The 22d Iowa went into the assault with 435 men, and came out with less than 200 fit for duty."

Such is the mettle of the man the loyal people of Iowa have resolved to make Governor.

When the war broke out, Col. Stone was Judge of one of the Circuit Courts, and was esteemed able and upright. He at once resigned at the first call to arms, and helped to raise a regiment of which he was elected Major. The regiment was in several battles in Missouri, in one of which he was wounded. At Shiloh, his regiment was in Gen. Prentiss' brigade, and was captured after eight hours terrible fighting. He was held a prisoner for several months, but was finally liberated, with two others, on his parole, and sent to Washington to negotiate terms of exchange, with the cordition that, if he failed in his mission, he was to return to Richmond and deliver himself up. He kept his word sacred, but through his efforts with the War Department, terms of exchange were finally settled, and Gen. Prentiss and all his officers and men were liberated from the rebel dungeons and exchanged. After his return home, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 22d Iowa, and has shared its fortunes from that day to the present time. He is now slowly recovering from the dangerous wound he received while leading that forlorn hope at the storming of Vicksburg, on the 22d of May. If he lives, he will be elected Governor by 30,000 majority over any candidate the Copperheads can run against him.

The Rebel Stoolpigeons.

We published a few days ago two letters, which we find are exciting general attention throughout the country—one from Douglas M. Hamilton, of Louisiana, to E. Cooper, editor of the Jackson *Mississippian*, and the other the reply of the latter. Those who have perused these precious documents will see how completely the Copperheads are playing into the hands of the rebels.

Hamilton couldn't bring himself to believe that the rebel editor was

> "Serious in proposing that any of the free States of the old Union should be admitted into the Confederacy."

But hoped he only

> "Puts forth these propositions as feelers among our own people, and ultimately the moderate Western States to persevere in their opposition to Lincoln and his Abolition Administration, and by predisposing their minds, quarrel, and even blood-shed among our common enemy, relieve us in a measure, while the tremendous power we are preparing to bring against us."

Cooper says in reply:

> "You are right in your surmise that the article referred to, was intended to put the people right for Western consumption. My sole object, there fore, in such reflections as you refer to, is to increase the confidence of the people in the West, trusting it may soon break out in open rupture.

The tenor of these letters show the great hope of the rebels—their only hope of conquering this infamous rebellion—and thus forever destroying the Union—is to divide the North. It is to the efforts of those malignants who are fomenting disaffection and disorders among the people of the North, more than to any present victories in the field, that they look to the decisive triumphs of the rebellion. The Seymours, Woods, and Vallandighams, are more effective Generals in the service than Lee, Johnson or Bragg. The teachings and efforts of these Northern men lead by different routes to precisely the same end.

UNION MEETINGS.

No Compromise With Traitors Either at Home or Abroad.

At Thornton Station, on Saturday, June 27th, at 2 o'clock p. m. All persons in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, the suppression of the rebellion and sustaining the Administration are invited to attend.

Good speakers will address the meeting in English and German; also good music and singing. Come one, come all.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

LOGAN COUNTY.

A meeting of the Union citizens of Atlanta, Logan county, was held at Arrington's Hall, on the 10th inst. Col. Hawkins of Tennessee, delivered an address, and a preamble and resolutions of the true, patriotic kind, were unanimously passed.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

A meeting of the loyal citizens of Cave, Franklin, was held on the 6th inst. M. G. Mitchell was chairman, and George L. McCray, secretary. The meeting was ably addressed by Rev. Mr. Chitty, Rev. Mr. Johnson, Green Mitchell, and Mr. Wilson, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by a choir of young ladies. A committee appointed for the purpose reported a series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one, and will effect much good in that Egyptian locality.

Iowa Republican Platform.

The Republican State Convention of Iowa adopted the following resolutions at the Des Moines meeting.

> We, in convention of representatives of the loyal people of the State of Iowa, assembled under the call of the Republican organization of the State, again expressions of the views which shall govern a political action, do declare:
>
> 1. That, when our fathers framed our Constitution, and founded thereon a Republican form of Government, they intended to, and did, grant to that Government full power to sustain its National existence.
>
> 2. That, whenever the life of the Republic is endangered, either by invasion or rebellion, the Constitution justifies the use of all necessary means known to civilized warfare, for resisting invasion or suppressing rebellion.
>
> 3. That we fully and heartily indorse the policy of the Administration, and will do the utmost to continue to sustain the Government in suppressing the rebellion, and to effect that object we pledge our lives and our lives.
>
> 4. That the gratitude of a free people is due our soldiers in the field, both native and foreign born, for their heroic valor by which they have lowered the proudest flag of the rebellion, and by their guarantee to them continued encouragement and support.
>
> 5. That we have witnessed with pride and admiration the bravery and heroism of Iowa soldiers, and we recognize in their brilliant career a history for the State of Iowa second to that of no other State in the Union.
>
> 6. That we express of the action of the General Assembly of the State in enacting a law giving to our brave soldiers in the field the right and privilege to vote at our elections, and we earnestly hope that no technicality may deprive them of their right.
>
> 7. That we tender our sympathy to Gen. Samuel J. Kirkwood the cordial thanks of the loyal people of Iowa for his able and faithful efforts in behalf of the soldiers during the two terms he has held the office of Governor of the State of Iowa.
>
> 8. Finally, we declare for the preservation of the Constitution, and that all questions of party of life and of property must be subordinate thereto.

FROM VICKSBURG.

Twenty-Ninth Day of the Siege.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

IN RIFLE TRENCHES, Vicksburg, June 15, 1863.

Vicksburg is still distant. Her grim looking forts and tortuous trenches still confront us. From behind them occasionally comes the salutation, "how are you Yank?" Were it not that limited conversations are held between the two contending armies at intervals, we would hardly know that the fortifications are inhabited. The rebels rarely show themselves, and their musketry firing is daily growing less. Day after day passes without giving us a shot from their artillery. On our side there is constant activity, night and day. The sound of cannon and the bursting of shell can be heard at any hour of the day or night, either in front or at the rear of the beleaguered city. Their silence may portend good or the contrary. Any injury to their works was promptly repaired at night, formerly. For several nights past they have not repaired the breeches made, that I can discover, and many portions of their line now look ragged and dilapidated. One would incline to the opinion that our close approaches and strong entrenchments, superiority in artillery, &c., are causes that force them to construct another line to the rear of this. It is possible that they are now at work on another line near the city, and this may account for the unusual quiet along the line they have so obstinately held. Others believe that their ammunition is nearly expended, their rations so poor and scanty that the men cannot work, and the army discouraged. All all events they give us but little trouble.

To-day they opened on our line with a gun from a masked position. The smoke indicated its whereabouts, and our sharpshooters immediately paid their respects. Several pieces of artillery were at once brought to bear, and the excitement for a few moments was intense. With a glass one could see the rebel gunners slaughtered at their posts and their places immediately filled by others. It was soon evident to all that they meant to make a point right there, and lastly us that they could and would work that gun in spite of the Yankees, therefore we were somewhat interested to know how long that position would hold out. They had fired it eleven times when a shot from our batteries dismounted their gun and knocked the carriage into splinters. Such consternation as the rebel forms, and but it would trouble the sharpest rebel in Dixie to carry them out in this vicinity.

From the gunboat Tuscumbia we have a nice and a bad inch rifled gun that is making a sorry hole in Fort Hill, on the Vicksburg and Jackson road. Heavy guns are constantly being put into position as they arrive. It is said that the armament of the Cincinnati has been removed and her heavy guns brought here.

A letter just intercepted from a rebel officer in Vicksburg to his sister, makes the statement—"Before this reaches you, the stronghold of the Mississippi will have fallen," in general terms he states that they are short of provisions, nearly out of ammunition, and could not, if they had the ammunition, fire their artillery rapidly enough to keep off the gunners, and dismount the guns. His rank is not given, and it is a question whether he has information to substantiate what he affirms. Were the hope of relief from Johnston destroyed, I am confident they would not hold out twenty-four hours.

Their force is vast. The large reinforcements to this army that are daily arriving, can hardly fail to settle the question of Johnston ability to relieve them.

Our trenches that are to go to the base of the main rebel forts progress finely. Unless the enemy should drive some of our forces out within a very few days, the forts will not be tenable.

A rebel Lieutenant and (women walked up to our picket last night, supposing it to be their own station—was challenged and gave the countersign, (Longstreet.) Our picket let him pass, and all of the consternation he soon at once "gobbled up" the gentlemen. They report being on duty as a patrol guard to prevent deserting Confederates, and their intention to watch the picket guards closely. In one instance lately the advance pickets left for our line, and the reserve of forty men conceded "that as we were gobbled anyhow if we might as well come over," and followed on soon after. A strict surveillance over the movements of their men is all that prevents hundreds from desertion.

The health of the army is remarkably good for this season of the year. The men endure the exposures and fatigue in the trenches well and without grumbling. Cheerfulness to hilarity and confidence are everywhere noted. The wounded that can now be moved are all now either up the river or on the way. We hope that the humane policy of sending wounded men to Northern hospitals be adopted, and that the large number recently sent may receive the benefit of those kind ministrations so practically illustrated here, have braved and suffered much for our country, and their claim is not an ordinary one.

PARTAIDOS.

FROM ROSECRANS' ARMY.

Triune Affair—Visit to the Front—No News Might or Left—Post Quartermaster.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MURFREESBORO, June 15, 1863.

THE TRIUNE AFFAIR.

On the 11th inst., the enemy made a large at the post of Triune, which, for a time, promised a considerable engagement. I have memorandа of the affair, furnished by a correspondent, under date of the 12th. He says:

> "About 11 o'clock yesterday, a large force of rebel cavalry attacked and drove in our pickets in front of this place. The dash was quite unlooked for, and for a time our posts would have been sacrificed to the daring of the enemy, had not Lieut. Col. Banning, of the 124th Ohio volunteers, formed a very efficient body of skirmishers to cover their retreat. The enemy, centering on the Shelbyville pike, advanced with the pieces of artillery, and succeeded in planting them on the right and left of the road, within a half mile of town, and there were 6 pieces wood. For a few moments the utmost confusion prevailed, as their shot commenced crashing through the place, and into the camps intervening between the two fires. Their two six-pounders; but the 18th Ohio battery soon reached an available position at short range, and opened a most galling fire—Col. Granger giving personal attention to the management of the guns.
>
> "Twenty men were seen carried away from the rebel battery, and after the loss of a wheel to one of their carriages, they began to retreat. The 1st Tennessee, also, have reported Hulima cavalry, gave immediate and hot pursuit pressing them to beyond the Harpeth. Lieut. Bolr, of the 9d Indiana, while chasing a portion of the enemy's force over the Eagleville road, was shot through the head and instantly killed. Private Charles Miller, Co. K, same regiment, was also killed at Camp Dennison. had two men wounded during the chase—private L. Shaw, shoulder, and John Dick, side. The remains of Lieut. Bolman are forwarded, which were sent to Nashville last night, *en route* home. All is quiet along the Harpeth this morning."

VISIT TO THE FRONT.

I passed an hour or two yesterday at the headquarters of Col. H. C. Hog, commanding the advance post on the Shelbyville Pike. Going to the extreme line, the cavalry vidette post, one gets a good view of the enemy's pickets, stationed a couple miles away. I confess to a strong desire to pass over and talk to the fellows, and get their latest papers, but the fate of Richardson and Brown deterred me, and I contented myself with the liberal use of a field glass. They are generally very peaceful, and clever enough, exchanging papers almost daily through a darkey, whom the Federals are in the habit of using as a carrier. The company performing their outpost duty is of the Alabama cavalry, but commanded by a Tennesseean, whose house is within a hundred yards of the vidette post. Not much discomfort about the line of picketing, I take it. What premium would an opportunity for such duty, command among the officers of the army of the Cumberland?

Col. Heg, as is perhaps generally known, has the old command of Gen. T. T. Crittenden of Indiana. The eagle still perches upon his shoulders, but I venture the assertion that his management and troops are up to those of any Brigadier in the army. The 8th Kansas Volunteers, Col. Jos. A Martin, commanding, one of the largest and finest regiments in the army, has been recently added to Col. Hi's command. Since the assumption by General Rosecrans of the command of this Department, the Kansas boys have been performing provost duty in Nashville, on escapement from the dust and heat and stifling air of which through recent orders, they are to be congratulated.

NO NEWS RIGHT ON LEFT.

Every day I see officers from the two wings of the army, but in answer to my oft repeated query, for a fortnight back, the invariable reply has been "no news." I have not the least question but that I shall get an item, however, before many days, which shall be duly chronicled for the benefit of the eighty thousand daily TRIBUNE readers. At all events, I assure you that I am on the alert, have flankers, outposts and videttes stationed, and if anything escapes me, I'll submit to any reasonable punishment. Seriously, though there is just now a perfect quiet throughout the army, and were it not for occasional reception of a rebel newspaper, one's telegraphic matter would not be worth its cost, the quotations were 2 cents wood. For a few moments the utmost confusion prevailed, as their shot commenced crashing through the place, and into the camps intervening between the two fires of six-pounders; but the 18th Ohio battery soon reached an available position at short range, and opened a most galling fire—Col. Granger giving personal attention to the management of the guns.

POST QUARTERMASTER.

I have before mentioned the test that Capt. J. Warren Clark, recently appointed A. Q. M. in the volunteer service from the State of Iowa, is assigned duty as the Quartermaster of this post. On Invitation, the other day took a look through the Captain's vast storage rooms, where is stored the immense stock from which the vast daily supply for this great army is drawn. I should like, by the by, to write an extended article concerning the department of this army at the head of which stands the accomplished Col. John W. Taylor—the Chief Quartermas er of the army—but I am afraid of getting on forbidden ground. I am afraid of giving certain information to the enemy, by which an uncertain amount of danger might result to the national cause, and I forbear.

There is one thing, however, I may certainly say, which is that there is not now and has been an army better or more thoroughly supplied. Is not an article that could be thought of that one could go to Dollars by the million, comprising ample supplies of every possible variety of soldier's wear, and garrison and camp equipage. It is wonderful to observe the thoroughness with which our Uncle Samuel provides for the comfort of his nephew soldiers. Every article of Quartermaster's goods, used by the Army of the Cumberland, passes through the hands of Capt. Clark, keeping him, you may be sure, and those of his score or more clerks, busy from early morning till late night. The condition of the army is, to a great extent, at the control of the Quartermaster, through whose hands the clothing and equipment of the soldier pass. Which, founding opinion on the condition of the army of the Cumberland, demonstrates the fact that from Col. Taylor down to the officers of regiments, an army could not have more efficient Quartermasters.

L. C.

THE TRIP OF THE CITY OF ALTON

The Expedition at Vicksburg

[Letter from Rural.]

JOHNSON'S LANDING, YAZOO RIVER, NEAR VICKSBURG, June 17—11 p. m.

The steamer City of Alton has just reached the landing, and we are ready to go on shore note book in hand. On shore and we see the mortar shells bursting over the beleaguered city, distant some six or eight miles, the mortars make the earth tremble even at this distance, and the sound of the bursting shell comes with a heavy boom. The weather is delightful, and everybody is astir. Yonder stands a group of butternuts, part of them prisoners of war, and part deserters from the trenches in front of our works. Among this group of motley persons are some half a dozen newsboys from the city who wish to turn their talents when the current is less diluted and food more abundant.

With our provost pass to the front, mounted on a six mule wagon, we drive up the Chickasaw Bayou, and pass the immense plantation of the Widow Loke. The cotton gin and most of the other buildings have been destroyed, leaving the chimneys and large fire places standing as monuments to the devastation that these cotton lords have brought to their homes. Instead of hanging white men from the North, they are exiles from their homes; their negroes are cooking or digging trenches for the Union soldiers, and their household goods scattered or destroyed. Desolation rules supreme. Not a form, not an animal, not a negro, not a blade of corn is left to them. Such is the fate of nearly all the plantations past which we have steamed for the past three days, and on our way to the front. We crossed the Bayou and reached the banks of the Chickasaw Bluffs at which we many of our brave soldiers laid down for their country. We looked up to these cotton wood crowned hills and to the open space over which our brave boys bore their country's flag, too late to falter and fall back from the deadly aim of rifle pits, masked by the dense foliage of the undergrowth. On we cross through the dust, cool our thirst from the spring that bursts from the caverns of the silicious conglomerate that form the base of the bluffs, we learn from up the steep ascent, and among the broken knobs we find the huts and summer houses of our soldiers. Our first impression, every inch a soldier, not the less so to our mind, after passing the field that he had been compelled to abandon—a fortress by nature no powerful to be easily taken. Last night we had discussed the nature of the ald rendered from the prairies, and the parties who should have the credit for the construction of the great State, so rich in what the soldier needs, that the border State troops should share equally of our love. There can be no question of the soundness of this position, and we trust that our citizens will consider the subject in its true light. The Illinois troops in Gen. Sher man's command, (15th) are the 13th, 113th, 116th, 55th, 127th, 114th, and 67th regiments; batteries A, B, I and C, of the 1st artillery; and Co. Cunningham's Illinois cavalry. Gen. Sherman says he has a good supply of most sanitary goods, but will be glad to receive more for the distributing among his command. Potatoes are the most needed.

Shall not the troops from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, now fighting in the trenches with the soldiers from our State, share of our good cheer? We know the response that our people at home will give, will be that they shall.

This range of hills, on which stands Vicksburg, and which extend to Johnson Landing, along the Chickasaw Bayou, have their counterpart in the grand chain of hills running through the south part of our State. The same geological formation, but being older the rocks do not appear; but the soil is the same, the deep ravines and general contour of the country, leaving out-cropping of large boulders of sandstone and exchange a more moderate growth of timber, as nearly all of the primary growth has been cut down, leaving in most places with a young undergrowth, with now and then a large tree. On the crests of these hills, three to six hundred yards apart, are situated the rebel batteries and earthworks, which protect the soldiers in the deep ravines between. To attempt to storm these works would be madness in the sheer folly. Nothing but regular approaches can avail, and to this it has come. In some cases, as at Fort Hill, the rebels have failed to occupy the same crest. None of these hills can properly be called knobs, but irregular ranges of hills, intermingling with each other. The valleys and ravines 100 feet deep, and very narrow, thin contour, springs of soft water of most excellent quality, in most cases affording water for army supplies. So far as position is concerned, both parties are well bottomed, and it must be skill and hard work that gives the victory.

As we approached the front the sharp report of the rifle told that the sharpshooters were at their work. Occasionally, for a few moments more we passed the crest of the ridge under the whistle of rebel bullets and the heavy thunder of the guns from Waterhouse's battery. We passed into the trenches along the approaches to the enemy's works and within eighty feet of the rebel batteries, from which the rebel sharpshooters were annoying our men, one of which had been killed two hours before we crossed the exposed line. The rebels were protected by a huge gabion that was rolled before them and the earth thrown out at the sides. Thus protected they were approaching the strongholds of the enemy, to dislodge him. The battery was four hundred feet distant, while the lines of our sharp-shooters were but a hundred yards distant. This line we also entered with Capt. Waterhouse, and closely scanned the works in front. At this point a pretty sharp firing is kept up, but with little loss on either side. So ingeniously are these parapets arranged that the rebel sharpshooter is safe, and the danger is only from a ball that may enter the small port holes near the top of the embankments. Such is the nature of the fight, the state of things cannot last long, for at all points the approaches are closing up, and must bring on close up. It is said that Gen. Hooker's army will take an advanced position within three hundred yards of the enemy's main line.

Capt. Waterhouse's command have been hard at work, and have lost in the late battles —Killed, Royal A. Houghton; wounded, A. H. Nettleton, severely in right shoulder; Wm. Rakestraw, in thigh; Wm. Riddell, Wm. John C. Yeoman, severe in hand; Monroe A. Swift, severely in arm; Chauncey Mershon, slightly in hand. The battery now sick in quarters from overwork and exposure, as reported by Surgeon Pratt. It was in front of this battery that the rebels rolled shells down on to the attacking party. Hand grenades and hand to hand fighting will close the contest before Vicksburg.

WOOD'S BATTERY

is to the right of the latter, when we entered the works was busy driving off a working party and dismounting a large gun that the rebs had succeeded in working within 400 yards of this battery. Generals Ransom, Logan, and Colonel Giles A. Smith had detected them at work under cover, and handed the job over to Capt. Wood to close up. It was the first time that we had seen a battery hard at work, and the number and precision of the shots convinced us that if the rebels had good reason to keep out of the way. The party was driven off and the gun dismounted in a short time, a thirty-two pound trophy and finishing the work. This battery has lost, killed, Geo. L. Whittier; wounded, Sergeant Platt, slightly. The Surgeon reports only one sick. The remarkable good health of the members of this battery is a matter of surprise to all, and we hope yet to get at the secret.

Hart's Battery is the third battery toward the left, and nearly in front of Fort Hill, the centre and moving position of the army. This battery has lost, killed, Lieut. Pillsbury, days, a distance of ninety miles. Killed in in the late battle, Oly Torrison; wounded, Lieut. Hart, severely in hand; Lieut. Bacon, slightly; Chas. C. Gilbert, in leg, slightly; H. Benson, thumb off. Five reported sick.

TWENTIETH VIRGINIA.

Col., J. H. Dayton; Lieut. Col., J. L. Vaner. This regiment was raised in Eastern Virginia, for the defense of the State, and mustered in on the 17th of June, 1861, for three years, State service, 1,040 strong. They fought several battles, and at last volunteered to come West. They now number 550 men, rank and file. At the storming of the works on the 19th, they went into the fight with 200 new men, leading the charge, and lost all (killed or wounded) but forty six men.

They have battled nobly and lost largely. In the last fight Major Goodspeed was killed, a better and braver officer, it is said, is not in the service.

This regiment have no friends to send it potatoes and other sanitary goods. Will not our State Sanitary Board adopt them and divide with them their good cheer? We know they will. RURAL.

Sanitary Contributions.

JOLIET, June 19 1863.

Editors Chicago Tribune:

I have just received $140 to Col. John Williams, of Springfield, Ill., for the use of the army sick. This collection was taken up on the streets in our city. The several churches have contributed liberally, and the several packages have been forwarded by citizens for the same purpose. W. DANFORTH.

CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.—The Chattanooga *Rebel* advertises the following noted rebels as candidates for Governor of Tennessee: Generals Washington Barrow, Wm. R. Bate, Samuel R. Anderson, William C. Whitthorne, Judge Robert L. Caruthe, Colonels Wm. H. Stevens, John C. Brown, James E. Bailey, C. C. Torbett, Peter Turney. The present itinerant Gov. Harris seems to be ignored by all parties.

OHIO UNION CONVENTION.

IMMENSE ASSEMBLAGE OF FREEMEN.

Brough Nominated for Governor

Charles Anderson for Lieutenant Governor.

EXCELLENT SELECTIONS FOR THE OTHER OFFICES.

A SOLID PLATFORM.

The Admirable Spirit of the Convention.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

COLUMBUS, June 17—11 A. M.

It is an utter impossibility to determine, even approximately, the number of people in attendance on the Republican and Union Conventions assembled here to-day. The city has the appearance of a vast camp, human beings swarming in every direction, from the banks of the Scioto to the plains stretching eastward. A score of bands, in as many different directions, are making the air resonant, while above the brazen strains, the beating of drums and the noise and confusion of the streets, rise the gladsome shouts of the loyal masses, as the national banner or appropriate motto, borne by some newly arrived delegation, catches the eye. Everywhere there is earnestness and enthusiasm. The writer of this was not in attendance at the Peace Convention of last week, and therefore it is not proper for him to venture a comparison between the two assemblages as regards numbers; but there is a comparison which may be made with propriety, and which will suggest itself to any candid person. The Convention of last week was an assemblage of men blind with partisan rage, in whose hearts hatred had taken the place of love of country. The Convention of to-day is entirely antagonistic to the other in character. The people composing it are united and devoted in the cause of country.

During the Vallandigham affair but one flag was seen in the city, and that drooped above the arrested for offering and speakers. To-day the city is alive with flags—the *Statesman* office being almost the only one from which the stars and stripes are not displayed. They festoon the streets, flutter from the heads of horses, and stream from omnibuses, hacks, and all manner of vehicles. Whatever else may be said of the Convention, its enthusiasm for the Union is brought out, and the city wears the appearance of a gala day.

Another difference is noticeable. Last week hardly a blue coat was to be seen on the street. The soldiers seemed to be conscious that they were the regarded objects of favor by any, and were looked upon with apprehension by many. The resolution of the Vallandigham Convention to hold no sick in quarters from overwork and exposure, as reported by Surgeon Pratt. It was in front of this battery that the rebels rolled shells down on to the attacking party. Hand grenades and hand to hand fighting will close the contest before Vicksburg.

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THE VOTE IN THE CITY OF ALTON

The Expedition at Vicksburg

[Letter from Rural.]

JOHNSON'S LANDING, YAZOO RIVER, NEAR VICKSBURG, June 17—11 p. m.

The steamer City of Alton has just reached the landing, and we are ready to go on shore note book in hand. On shore and we see the mortar shells bursting over the beleaguered city, distant some six or eight miles, the mortars make the earth tremble even at this distance, and the sound of the bursting shell comes with a heavy boom. The weather is delightful, and everybody is astir. Yonder stands a group of butternuts, part of them prisoners of war, and part deserters from the trenches in front of our works. Among this group of motley persons are some half a dozen newsboys from the city who wish to turn their talents when the current is less diluted and food more abundant.

With our provost pass to the front, mounted on a six mule wagon, we drive up the Chickasaw Bayou, and pass the immense plantation of the Widow Loke. The cotton gin and most of the other buildings have been destroyed, leaving the chimneys and large fire places standing as monuments to the devastation that these cotton lords have brought to their homes. Instead of hanging white men from the North, they are exiles from their homes; their negroes are cooking or digging trenches for the Union soldiers, and their household goods scattered or destroyed. Desolation rules supreme. Not a form, not an animal, not a negro, not a blade of corn is left to them. Such is the fate of nearly all the plantations past which we have steamed for the past three days, and on our way to the front. We crossed the Bayou and reached the banks of the Chickasaw Bluffs at which we many of our brave soldiers laid down for their country. We looked up to these cotton wood crowned hills and to the open space over which our brave boys bore their country's flag, too late to falter and fall back from the deadly aim of rifle pits, masked by the dense foliage of the undergrowth. On we cross through the dust, cool our thirst from the spring that bursts from the caverns of the silicious conglomerate that form the base of the bluffs, we learn from up the steep ascent, and among the broken knobs we find the huts and summer houses of our soldiers. Our first impression, every inch a soldier, not the less so to our mind, after passing the field that he had been compelled to abandon—a fortress by nature no powerful to be easily taken. Last night we had discussed the nature of the ald rendered from the prairies, and the parties who should have the credit for the construction of the great State, so rich in what the soldier needs, that the border State troops should share equally of our love. There can be no question of the soundness of this position, and we trust that our citizens will consider the subject in its true light. The Illinois troops in Gen. Sher man's command, (15th) are the 13th, 113th, 116

Auction Sales.

GILBERT & SAMPSON,
84 and 86 Dearborn st.
LARGE, NEW AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Gaiters, Rubbers, Overshoes, Slippers, &c.
AT AUCTION.
On FRIDAY, June 13th, at 9 o'clock, we shall offer, without reserve, 40 cases of Boots and Shoes, comprising a large, new and desirable assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Boots, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., &c. Also, a large assortment of Rubbers, Overshoes, Slippers, &c., &c. Also, a large assortment of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Boots and Shoes, Brogans, &c. Also, a large assortment of Rubbers, Overshoes, Slippers,

SAFET

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY
Office No. 51 Clark Street,
corner of the CHICAGO THEATRE.

Chicago Tribune.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1868.

THE NEWS.

Our advices from the Potomac are rather mixed, but they seem to point pretty plainly to a big, and bloody conflict, with the chances of victory on the side of Gen. Grant. Mr. Bull Run, I am reliably informed, is waiting for this opportunity to take a seat, well knowing that Hooker's army is certainly weaker than the past twelve to eighteen months. We have said that we will find it to be under a Democratic Administration to be made a Democratic Administration, and we are not disposed to get back as to its numbers. If he attacks Lee, there will be some blood shed before he will be able to force it back to Washington, a performance we think he certainly owes the loyal people of this country for